### SPIRITUAL WORKERS

Dr. Talmage Uses Hunting as an Blustration of Gospel Truth.

Erges All Christian Workers to Inerensed Fidelity and Tells How Buck Effort at Doing tiond Fails.

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In this discourse Dr. Talmage urges all Christian workers to increased fidelity and shows how much effort at doing good fails through lack of advoitness; text, Genesis, 10:9: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

In our day hunting is a sport, but in the lands and the times infested of wild beasts it was a matter of life or death with the people. It was very different from going out on a sunshiny afternoon with a patent breechloader to shoot reed birds on the flats, when Police and Achilles and Diomedes west out to clear the land of lions and panthers and bears. Xenophon grew eloquent in regard to the art of hunting. In the far east people, elephant mounted, chased the tiger. Francis I. was called the father of hunting. And Moses, in my text, sets forth Nimrod as a hero, when it presents him with broad shoulders and shaggy apparel and sun browned face and arm bunched with muscle, "a mighty hunt-er before the Lord." I think he used the bow and the arrows with great success practicing archery.

I have thought if it is such a grand thing and such a brave thing to clear wild beasts out of a country if it is not a better and a braver thing to hunt down and destroy those great erils of society that are stalking the land with fierce eye and bloody paw and sharp tusk and quick spring. I have wondered if there is not such a thing as Gospel archery, by which those who have been flying from truth may be captured for God and Heaven. The Lord Jesus in His sermon used the art of angling for an illustration when He "I will make you fishers of men." And so I think I have authority for using hunting as an illustration of Gospel truth, and I pray God that there may be many a man enlisted in the work who shall begin to study Gespel archery, of whom it may after awhite be said: "He was a mighty hunter before the Lord."

How much awkward Christian work there is done in the world! How many good people there are who drive souls away from Christ instead of bringing them to Him! All their fingers are thumbs-religious blunderers who upset more than they right. Their gun has a crooked barrel and kicks as it goes off. They are like a clumsy comrade who goes along with skillful bunters. At the very moment he ought to be most quiet he is crackling an alder or falling over a log and frightening away the game. How few Christian people have ever learned how the Lord Jesus Christ at the well om talking about a cupful of water to the most practical religious truths, which won the woman's soul for God! Je is in the wilderness was breaking bread to the people. I think il was very good bread. It was very light bread, and the yeast had done its work thoroughly. Christ, after He had broken the bread, said to the people: "Beware of the yeast or of the leaven of the Pharisees." So natural a transition it was and how easily they all understood Him! But how few Christian people there are who understand how to fasten the truths of God and religion to the souls of men!

The archers of olden time studied their art. They were very precise in the matter. The old books gave special directions as to bow an archer should go and as to what an archer should do. He must stand erect and firm, his left foot a little in advance of the right foot. With his left hand he must take hold of the bow in the middle, and then with the three fingers and the thumb of his right hand he should lay hold the arrow and affix it to the string-so precise was the direction given. But how clumsy we are about religious work! How little skill and care we exercise! How often our arrows miss the mark! I am glad that there are institutions established in many cities of our land where men may learn the art of doing goodstudying spiritual archery and become known as "mighty hunters before the

In the first place, if you want to be effectual in doing good you must be wery sure of your weapon. There was something very fascinating about the archery of olden times. Perhaps you do not know what they could do with the bow and arrow. Why the chief battles fought by the English Plantagenets were with the longbow. They would take the arrow of polished wood and feather it with the plume of a bird, and then it would fly from the bowstring of plaited silk. The bloody fields of Agincourt and Solway Moss and Neville's Cross heard the loud thrum of the archer's bowstring. Now, my Christian friends, we have a unightier weapon than that. It is the arrow of the Gospel; it is a sharp arrow; it is a straight arrow; it is feathered from the wing of the dove of God's spirit; it flies from a bow made brought down 400,000,000 of souls. and is baptized shall be saved, but pray. The old archers took the bow,

Paul knew how to bring the notch of that arrow on to the bowstring, and its whire was heard through the Corinthian theaters and through the courtroom until the knees of Felix knocked together. It was that arrow that stuck in Luther's heart when he "Oh, my sins! "Oh, my sins!" If it strike a man in the head, it kills his skepticism; if it strike him in the heel, it will term his step; if it strikes him in the heart, he throws up his hands, as did one of old when wounded in the battle, crying:

Galilean, thou hast conquered! In the armory of the earl of Pembroke there are old conselets which show that the arrow of the English used to go through the breastplate, through the body of the warrior and out through the backplate. What a symbol of that Gospel which is sharper than a two-edged sword, piercing to the dividing asunder of soul and body and of the joints and marrow! Would to God we had more faith in that Gospel! The humblest man in the world, if he had enough faith in it, could bring a hundred souls to Christ -perhaps 500. Just in proportion as this age seems to believe less and less in it. I believe more and more in it. What are men about that they will not accept their own deliverance? There is nothing proposed by men that can do anything like this Gospel.

Again, if you want to be skillful in spiritual archery you must hunt in unfrequented and secluded places. Why does the hunter go three or four days in the Pennsylvania forests or over Raquette lake into the wilds of the Adirondacks? It is the only way to do. The deer are shy, and one "bang" of the gun clears the forest. From the California stage you see, as you go over the plains, here and there a coyote trotting along almost within range of the gun-sometimes quite within range of it. No one cares for that. It is worthless. The good game is hidden and secluded. Every hunter knows that. So many of the souls that will be of most worth for Christ and of most value to the church are secluded. They do not come in our way. You will have to go where they are. Yonder they are down in that cellar. Yonder they are up in that garret-far away from the door of any church. The Gospel arrow has not been pointed at them. The tract distributor and the city missionary sometimes just catch a glimpse of them, as a hunter through the trees gets a momentary sight of a partridge or roebuck. The trouble is we are waiting for the game to come to We are not good bunters. We are standing on some street or road expecting that the timid antelope will come up and eat out of our hand. We are expecting that the prairie fowl will light on our church steeple. It is not their habit. If the church

> and put them in the stirrups. The church wants not so many cushions ns it wants saddlebags and arrows. We have got to put aside the gown and the kid gloves and put on the hunting shirt. We want a pulpit on wheels. We have been fishing so long in the brooks that run under the shadow of the church that the fish know us, and they avoid the bodies and souls of immortal men! hook and escape as soon as we come to the bank, while yonder is Upper Saranac and Big Hupper's lake, where the first swing of the Gospel net would break it for the multitude of the fishes. There is outside work to be done. What is it that I see in the backwoods? It is a tent. The hunters have made a clearing and camped out. What do they care if they have wet feet or if they have nothing but a pine branch for a pillow or for the northeast storm? If a moose in the darkness steps into the take to drink, they hear it right away. If a loon ery in the midnight, they hear it. So in the service of God we have exposed work. We have got to camp out and rough it. We are putting all our care on the comparatively few people who go to church. What are we doing for the millions who do not come? Have they no souls? Are they sinless that they need no pardon? Are there no dead in their houses that they need no comfor! Are they cut off from God to go into eternity, no wing to bear them, no light to cheer them, no welcome to greet them? I hear to-day surging up from the lower depth of our cities a groan that comes through our Christian assemblages and through our beautiful churches, and it blots out all this scene from my eyes today, as by the mists of a great Niagara, for the dash and the plunge of these great torrents of life dropping down into the fathomiess and thundering abysm of suffering and woe. I sometimes think that just as God blotted out the churches of Thyatira and Corinth and Landices because of their sloth and stolldity he Christianity and raise on the rains a ing of that command: "Go ye into

he that believe ... or shall be damed command you see, ponetuated with a throne of Heaven and a fungeon of hell.

I remark, further, if you want to succeed in spiritual archery the most have courage. If the heater stands with trembling hand or shoulder that flinches with fear, accept of taking the catamount the calamount takes him. What would become of the Greenlander if when out hunting for the bear he should stand showring with terror on an iceberg" would have become of Du Chailly and Livingstone in the African thicket with a faint heart and a weak knee? When a punisher comes within 30 pairs of you and It has its eye on you and it has aquatted for the fearful spring, "Steady there!" Courage, O. ye spiritual archers! There are great monsters of iniquity prowling all around about the community. Shall we not in the strength of God go forth and combat them? We not only need more heart, but more backbone. What is the church of God that it should fear to look in the eye any transgression? onere is the Bengal tiger of drunkenness that prowis around, and instead of attacking it many of us hide under the

thurch new or the communion table? There is so much invested in it we are afraid to assault it. Millions of dollars in barrels, in vats, in spigots, in corkserews, in gin palaces with marble floors and Italian top tables and chased ice coolers, and in the strychnine and the logwood and the tartaric acid and the nux remics that go to make up our "pure" American drinks. I looked with wondering eyes on the "Heidelberg tun." It is the great liquor vat of Germany, which is said to hold 800 hogsheads of wine, and only three times in 100 years it has been filled. But as I stood and looked at it I said to myself: "That is nothing-800 hogsheads. Why, our American vat holds 10,200,000 barrels of strong drinks and we keep 300,000 men with nothing to so but to see

that it is filled. Oh, to attack the great monster of intemperance and the kindred monsters of fraud and uncleanliness requires you to rally all your Christian courage. Through the press, through the puipit, through the platform you must assult it. Would to God that all our American Christians would band together, not for crack-brained fanaticism, but for holy Christian reform! I think it was in 1793 that there went out from Lucknow, India, under the sovereign, the greatest hunting party that was ever projected. There were 10,000 armed men in that hunting party. There were camels and horses and elephants. On some princes rode, and royal ladies under exquisite housings, and 500 coolies waited upon the train, and the desolate places of India were invaded by this excursion, and the rhishould wait 10,000,000 of years for noceros and deer and elephant fell the world to come in and be saved. under the stroke of the saber and it will wait in vain. The world will bullet. After awhile the party What the church wants now is to brought back trophics worth 50,000 lift its feet from damask ottomans rupees, having left the wilderness of India ghastly with the slain bodies of wild beasts. Would to God that instead of here and there a straggler going out to fight these great monsters of iniquity in our country the millions of membership in our churches would band together and hew in twain these great crimes that make the land frightful with their roar and are fattening upon the

> that? Who will be a mighty hunter for the Lord? I remark, again, if you want to be successful in spiritual archery you need not only to bring down game, but bring it in. I think one of the most beautiful pictures of Thorwaldsen is his "Autumn." It represents a sportsman coming home and standing under a grapevine. He has a staff over his shoulder, and on the other end of that staff are hung a rabbit and a brace of birds. Every hunter brings home the game. No one would think of bringing down a roebuck or whipping up a stream for troot and letting them lie in the woods. At eventide the camp is adorned with the treasures of the forest-beak and fin and antler.

Who is ready for such a party as

If you go out to hunt for immortal souls, not only bring them down under the arrow of the Gospel, but bring them into the church of God, the grand home and encampment we have pitched this side the skies. Fetch them in: do not let them lie out in the open field. They need our prayers and sympathies and help. That is the meaning of the church of God-help. O ye hunters for the Lord, not only bring down the game, but bring it in.

If Mithridates liked hunting so well that for seven years he never went indoors, what enthusiasm ought we to have who are hunting for immortal souls! If Domitian practiced archery until he could stand a boy down in the Roman amphitheater with a hand out, the fingers spread apart, and then the king could shoot an arrow between the fingers without wounding them, to what drill and what practice ought we to subject ourselves in order to become spiritual archers and "mighty hunters before the Lord!" But let me say you will blot out American and English row between the fingers without stalwart, wide-awake messionary what practice ought we to subject church that can take the full mean-ourselves in order to become spiritall the world and preach the Coopel fore the Lord!" But let me say you out of the wood of the cross. It has to every creature. He that believe he will never work any better than you

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put one end of it down beside the foot, elevated the other end, and it was the rule that the bow should be just the size of the archer. If it were just his size, then he would go into the battle with confidence. Let me say that your power to project good in the world will correspond exactly to your own spiritual stature. In other words, the first thing in preparation for Christian work is personal consecration.

Oh. for a closer walk with Ged. A calm and beavenly frame. A light to shine upon the road. That leads me to the Lamb!

There is in a forest in Germany a place they call the "deer leap"-two crags, about 18 yards apart; between them a fearful chasm. This is called the "deer leap" because once a hunter was on the track of a deer. It came to one of these crags. There was no escape for it from the pursult of the hunter, and in utter despair it gathered itself up and in the death agony attempted to jump across. Of course it fell and was dashed on the rocks far beneath. Here is a path to Heaven. It is plain: it is unfe. Jesus marks it out for every man to walk in. But here is a man who says: "I won't walk in that path. I will take my own way." He comes on up until he confronts the chasm that divides his soul from Heaven. Now his last hour has come, and he resolves that he will leap from the heights of earth to the heights of Heaven. Stand back now and give him full swing, for no soul ever did that successfully. Let him try. Jump! He misses the mark, and he goes down, depth below depth, "destroyed without remedy." Men, angels, devils! What shall we call that place of awful catastrophe? Let It be known forever as the soul's death leap.

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ing the said wates and the expense of execu-ting this trust J. O. LESUEUR, Trustee. Lexington, Mo., May 4, 1901. 5-2414

ORDER OF PUBLICAN STATE OF MISSOURI.

In the Circuit Court, et Labre Missouri, August Term, int. g Claude A. Pallitps, in person as a Executou of the last will sel be ment of John A. Phillips dense, virgit D. Pallitps, Honer I M. Politock and Politock, her Busband, Loter Phillips, a minor, Porter H. Pallitps, a minor by their guardian at an tor Claude A. Phillips. Pand.

Samuel T. Lee, Defendant Now at this day come the such by their attorneys, and the tet plants amdavit, alleging, among the list defendant, Samuel T. Lee, a set is of the state of Missouri Varso ordered by the cherk in vasifal defendant be notified by paint planniffs have commenced a site detendant se notines of plaintiffs have commenced a in this court, the object and p which is to reform and correct take of fact and mutual error tion in that certain deed mal Lee to John A. Phillips of dailies, by substituting the word of the word "one," where it after the word "block" to the

A true copy from the records By J. W. SYNKOR, Deputy Blackwell & Son, Attorneys in

#### TRUSTEE'S

whereas, Lucy J. Buchass, unmarried woman, by her as trust, dated the ninth day if so and slied for record in the corder of deeds for Lafarur souri, recorded in book is, veyed to J. M. Perdue, as trust ing described real estate, as cate county. Missouri, to-en. reyed to J M. Perduting described real esta
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